

Note: I made many "sugar houses" Dec 23-1964
over the years. They are
beautiful. DE

Dear Deanna & Cliff -

I hope this letter reaches you
in time. Inasmuch as only Miriam,
Carl & I will be here Christmas Day
we thought it might be better if you
called Sunday night - Nancy &
Jana Lee are already in Torol &
Richard is going tomorrow & Cynthia
is going to Salt Lake. Lydia is
taking the bus down Christmas morn-
ing. They are all coming back Sat.
Night except Lydia -

Miriam & Carl are moving Monday -
the 28th. They are coming over for
dinner Christmas - about 2 o'clock.

Our Choir put on a Cantata last
Sunday & next Sunday we will sing
for the 18th Ward. After that we will
all have a family home here.

Nancy is not expecting again. My
hunch was wrong -

Miriam will be quite envious of you

if you really are, Good luck -

I bet your Christmas decorations are pretty. I used egg white & powd. sugar for the Myster in our house. I believe it is more durable than ~~can~~ milk. Our house is 15 cubes long & 10 cubes deep but any size would be all right -

Rosemarie's address is

92 Apricot Ave.

Salt Lake City, Ut. 84103.

Oh yes on stringing your house - I made the mistake of stringing mine the 1st year at Bear Lake in a cardboard box, the mice ate all around the door & windows & I had to put fancy frosting on them. Now I wrap it in an old sheet & store it in a large can about 18 in high & 12 in across.

Guess I'd better get this letter to the Post office now so it will reach you.

Love Maie, Fred & Danny Hells.

May the Lord bless you & keep you well.
Love Mother



When Mother Read to Me

At evening when the fires were lit,
When lights were burning bright,
I snuggled up in Mother's lap,
A carefree little sprite.

My head I pillowed on her breast,
From cares my mind was free;
I found the moments so divine
When Mother read to me.

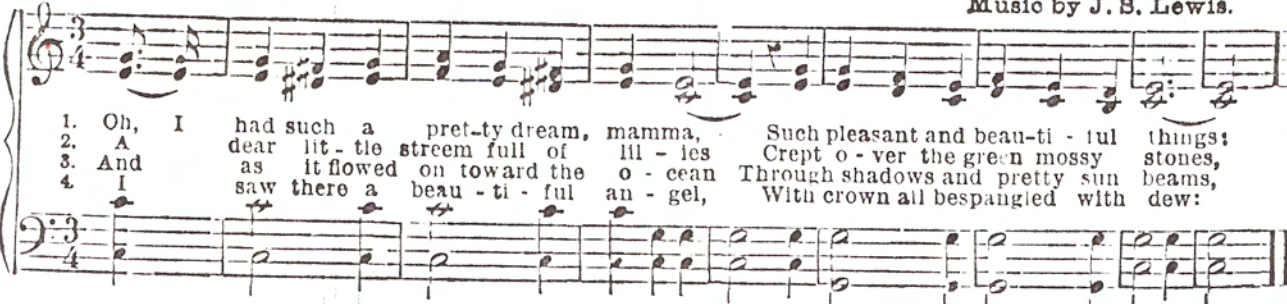
She read me tales of far-off lands,
Of pretty fairies, gay,
And of the goblins that come round
On every Halloween Day.
I was carried on a ship to Spain
Or to a mountain high
Where I could touch the fleecy clouds
That drifted so idly by.

I sailed the wild, tempestuous sea,
And scaled Mount Shasta's height;
I even hunted wild elephants
In Africa at night.

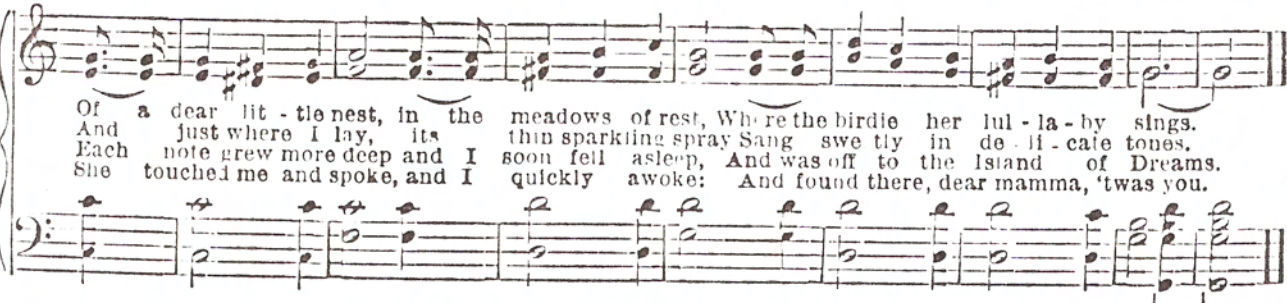
Oh! I'd go clear around the world
From Mother's lap . . . you see
I was a brave adventurer
When Mother read to me.

ISLAND OF DREAMS.

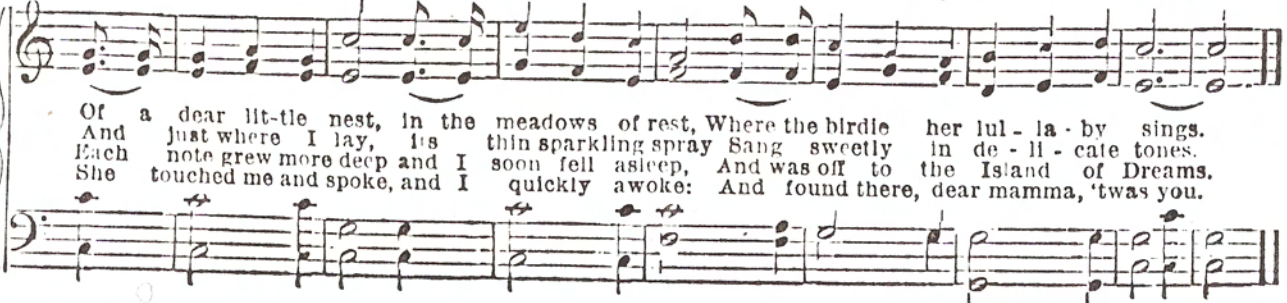
Music by J. S. Lewis.



1. Oh, I had such a pret-ty dream, mamma, Such pleasant and beau-ti - lul things:
 2. A dear lit-tle stream full of lil - ies Crept o - ver the green mossy stones,
 3. And as it flowed on toward the o - cean Through shadows and pretty sun beams,
 4. I saw there a beau - ti - ful an - gel, With crown all bespangled with dew:



Of a dear lit-tle nest, in the meadows of rest, Where the birdie her lul - la - by sings.
 And just where I lay, its thin sparkling spray Sang sweetly in de - li - cate tones.
 Each note grew more deep and I soon fell asleep, And was off to the Island of Dreams.
 She touched me and spoke, and I quickly awoke: And found there, dear mamma, 'twas you.



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Biography of my mother "Agnes Andersen Berg" as written by Mae Viola Berg Horner
Names and dates added or changed to identify persons in the story.
Changes by Douglas Arnesen

You made a rocking chair a throne,
You made a castle of a home,
Mother O' Mine,
And Everything you softly touched,
was turned from little too much,
Mother O' Mine.

Agnes Andersen Berg, was borne in Stokke, Vestfold, Norway, the 16th of March 1884. She was named Agnes Andersen in Norway. The name Agnes means beautiful and to me mother has always been the most beautiful person in all the world, especially in charterer, for she was always kind, generous, unselfish, benevolent, honest forgiving, virtuous and God fearing. I guess I should say God Loving, because mother (Agnes) loves to serve God and keep His commandments. (Comments by Mae)

Agnes Andersen's fathers name was Anders Marcus Andreassen. He was borne in 19 January 1858, ands he died 4 March 1892. Agnes Andersen's mother name was Josephine Nielsen Gundersen who was born 23 July 1959, and died February 16, 1935. (Genealogy name differ)

From the time Agnes was born she was taught to keep the Sabbath day holy. None of the family was even allowed to polish a shoe on Sunday or even iron a handkerchief. All their clothes were washed, ironed, mended, or whatever was needed to be done to them on Saturday. On Sunday they were allowed to walk through the flowers and enjoy them but never to pick any because Sunday was the day of the Lord and nothing should be cut on that day. Agnes's mother and father would read to the children from the Bible and teach them the commandments of God. They were a family in the Lutheran church, but-never-the-less, they knew that God was never a man who walked and talked as we do. Agnes would say to her parents, "Is God a real man like my father?" And when her parents said, "Yes just like your father," Agnes would feel very happy because others believed that God was love, floating through space, being everywhere at once, covering the whole universe, yet nowhere to be found. Agnes could not make sense of this and therefore was very happy when told that "God was as man is and man may become as God is. They were taught to pray to this Supreme being whenever they needed guidance."

When Agnes was only 8 years old, her father was taken away from the earth and her mother, Josephine, was left a widow. The five children had to help bring in the necessary food and clothing as soon as they were old enough to go out and work.

Arne was the first born child, September 30, 1881, then there were twin girls, born 16 March 1884, one was Agnes but her twin sister Fredrickke died when only six months old. Two and a half years later, on August 31, 1886, Fredrickke was born, then there was another pair of twins, Martha and Josephine, born April 10, 1889. Josephine died when only a baby. The last child that was born, before grandfather died, was named Josephine, on October 15, 1891.

Anders Marcus was a sea captain and one night when he was out on the water grandmother heard him come in through the door with his clothes dripping wet. She could hear the swishing of water. She went to meet him, but he was not there. Martha said "Don't cry mother, daddy's in the big water and cannot get out." Then grandmother knew that her companion was dead. Martha was three years old at this time.

When Agnes went to school the children had to take up the study of the bible along with their school work, so as they grew up they were quite well versed in the bible. When the children were able to pass the tests, which were given to them on the bible, they could graduate. This day was called the day of confirmations. Agnes was 15 years old when she was confirmed into the Lutheran church and she was ahead of the other children her same age. There was a certain boy who was very fond of Agnes and wanted to take her out but the Priest told him to wait until they had been confirmed. This boy gave Agnes a gold heart shaped locket on this outstanding day. Others sent flowers.

When Agnes and the family heard the gospel preached by the MORMON missionaries who were so despised she felt like they were right so Agnes went to her aunt Aline, who had faith in the gospel, to see her viewpoint on it? Aline read to Agnes from the Bible and mother listened intently and believed. Her aunt Aline, said you have the blood of Israel in your veins and you can't get away from it.

Like all human beings, Agnes was a little hesitant in leaving her friends and family and home to follow a despised and rejected religion. When she was 18 years old, Agnes was stricken with a very bad case of appendicitis and was taken to the hospital. It was so bad that the doctors refused to operate because they knew she would die any way. All night, long she lay in agony, praying to God that she would be a "Mormon" if he would only heal her from her suffering. At four O' clock the next morning she was relived of her suffering and the fever had gone. The doctor came in and said "My dear girl, what has happened? I expected to find you dead. The nursed wouldn't take care of you because they didn't want to see you die." Agnes only smiled. The doctor went on saying, "A miracle has happened!" Agnes was very weak and the fever had made all of her hair come out. She was not entirely free from pain, when she left the hospital.

The night of the 7th of November 1903, when Agnes was 19 years old, she was prepared to be baptized. A mob followed them but it left after the missionaries had prayed. Josephine, her mother, had said to Agnes, "Agnes, don't go in that cold water, you have suffered enough now, it may end your life." Agnes was baptized and was perfectly healed. Gustave Frikberg baptized her.

After Agnes was baptized to the L.D.S. church, she became a very active member and took part in any lesson work or other activities that she was asked to do. She was the secretary of the mutual and a member of the choir. She would sometimes sing alone and people said to her "You almost make me cry. You sing with your heart and soul in it."

After Agnes had joined the church, all of her friends, family and relatives turned against her, except her aunt Aline. When She walked down the street, the children would cry out "Mormon! Mormon! Look at the Mormon!" She was promised a musical education by a lady, who was very wealthy, if she would only leave the "Mormon church." There was nothing Agnes had desired more than to be able to play the violin.

This promise was indeed a great temptation to her, but she had received a testimony of the true gospel and was true to the faith. Agnes was again offered an opportunity, to learn and master the art of sewing, if she would give up her religion, but she again resisted the temptation. Agnes did take up nursing in one of the hospitals and became a trained nurse but she herself paid the expense.

When Agnes was in Norway, she used to go on picnics with her friends and relatives. They would take a boat and go over to an island where it was cool and beautiful. Agnes would often row. She could handle the oars so well in storm or still water.

In the winter they would ski and ice skate. Agnes always knitted her own scarfs, stockings, mittens and wristlets and would often make clothing for the missionaries.

Agnes felt the call of the gospel to gather in the tops of the mountains, so she left her native land and family, when she was 21 years old, and came here, not knowing the English language. Before she boarded the ship, she was promised that she would not be sea sick, and she wasn't sick an hour while on the ship. Agnes even ate a second course of each meal. On the ship if anyone wanted more to eat, they would get the complete meal served to them again and mother ate every bit.

At the first conference Agnes attended here, in Salt lake, President Joseph F. Smith came up to her, shook her hand and said, "Sister, you will learn the language in a very short time and it will be easy for you, and God bless you," That Prophecy was fulfilled.

On the morning of October in the year of our Lord, Nineteen hundred and seven, Agnes took out her Endowments, in the Salt Lake Temple and was sealed to Gustave Edward Berg. After they got out of the temple, they went to a neighborhood store and got what groceries they could, in a small store like that, and brought them to their house they had rented. Agnes prepared hot chocolate, bacon, and a few other things making it as nice as she could. As they ate, they both agreed that it was the most wonderful meal that they had ever eaten. Nothing had ever tasted so good. Agnes often bought the same things and prepared them in the same way, but it never tasted so wonderful as their Wedding Dinner had.

On the 29th of August 1908, Agnes gave birth to her first child, a son, Edward Nephi Berg. No one expected her to live at this time, so her sister Fredrickke, was sent for, to look after the baby. Agnes was healed through the priesthood as she had many times before. Less than two years later her second child, a daughter, Agnes Josephine, was born the 20th of June 1910. She was the first child to be born in the home that They had built on 17th south in Salt Lake City. August 1st 1912, Florence La Vaughn was born. Ruby Ileane was born August 9th, 1915. Then Jennie Alvera and Mae Viola, twins, were born, just before Christmas, December 12, 1918. At this time nurses were very scarce because there was an influenza epidemic and there were not enough nursed to go around. When the nursed heard of Agnes's case, they wouldn't take it because the case was hopeless, and so the twins, were born without the help of a nurse.

That night Gustave Edward had a dream that all would be well with the family. The next morning, the sweetest nurse came to their home. Her name was Ardina Andersen and we all loved her dearly. With strong faith in God, Agnes was able to stand this test and was blessed exceedingly for it.

The first summer after this Agnes was again tried and tested. In those days, most people had vegetable gardens, whether they were in the city or suburbs, and were given cards so everyone would know when and how long they were allowed the irrigation water. The people above us monopolized the water. It flooded their lawn, orchard, gardens and even the corral so the manure ran over into our yard. Finally Agnes took her water right because her garden had nearly dried up. Then those people all went out with hoes, shovels, rakes or any other implement they could get hold of and started to beat Agnes. They nearly killed her, and the worst of it all was that they were "good" church members. Other neighbors said to Agnes, "Why don't you leave the church. Look how terribly you have been treated." Agnes answered, "Maybe the people are not living right, but that doesn't say that the gospel is not true. The gospel stands firm as it ever did."

About two years later, Agnes went through an operation. It was Christmas eve and the doctor didn't have time to rush her to the hospital, he preformed the operation at home. The children were waiting around fearing the worst. None of them would go to bed until we learned that Agnes, their mother, had pulled through. The doctor said to Agnes, "I did only what human hands could do, the rest was up to God. Why this room was full of angles!" He, Dr. Lund, had knelt down and prayed with Gustave before he had performed the operation.

On the 14 of February 1924 a big valentine came to their home, Harold Marcus, a dear baby brother. Agnes was practically confined to bed for about a year, in order to have him, and to staying bed was a hard thing for a woman to do who was so ambitious as Agnes. Harold was born at home and Agnes could hear a heavenly choir pass over the house after his birth. Gustave also heard it. The nurse was disappointed that she hadn't heard it.

When Nephi, the oldest boy was a baby in mothers arms, Elder Knaphus who is now a well-known artist said to Agnes, "This boy will be called to go on a mission when he is still in his teens and let me know when he goes."

When Nephi was 18 years old, he was called, but was not privileged to go until he was 19 years old. In October 1927 He was sent on a mission to the North Central States. Agnes had said that she would send him even if they lost the home and it was indeed a sacrifice to her but she knew that the Lord would bless the family for it. Before the fair well Agnes called up brother Knaphus and he came to it. During the time that Nephi was in the field Agnes was a great help to him in many ways especially when it came to preaching. She gave him many good points. In May 1929, on "Mothers Day," Agnes, Gustave, Agnes and Alvin, Agnes' boy friend, drove to Provo in Alvins car. On the highway they saw an elderly man. They stopped and picked him up. He talked about Agnes's son being on a mission and he told mother that she would take a trip. He said, "Take that trip it will do you a lot of good." Gustave wasn't in a very talkative mood and this man said to him, "There is one thing that I didn't like about Salt Lake City." Gustave said, "What is that?" He answered, "The streets are to wide it takes to long to cross them." He said he was on his way to California, walking. Agnes noticed that he didn't have a bit of dust on his shoes. After they got to Provo, this man got out and disappeared. Agnes later realized that she had been talking to one of the three Nephites.

That Summer, after Nephi had been released, Agnes met him in Wolf Point, Montana and together they took a trip covering the States. When they were in New York, they went to Palmyra, the place where the Prophet Joseph Smith was raised. When they were at the Smith farm, the people who were taking care of it said, "You two may sleep in the room where the Prophet had the visitation of the angel Moroni. We don't let very many visitors sleep there but we feel that you two shall have the privilege." Agnes slept in the Prophets bed and Nephi slept on the couch near by. Agnes dreamed of acres and acres of sweet peas all night long. In every city that they stopped they made many new friends and were treated very cordially. One lady later came to Salt Lake with her daughter and the friendship was renewed.

In the year 1931 Agnes became very sick. She was told by the doctor that she had bronchial asthma, and leakage of the heart. She was healed of asthma by the power of the Priesthood and overcame the terrible cough. Her kidneys didn't work and so her whole body was terribly swollen and especially her legs. She was almost afraid to sit down for fear of her legs would crack open.

One winter day Agnes got out of bed and said, "Florence, I believe I am going to die. I must say good by to Nephi." After Florence had helped her dress, she went down stairs and prayed. Florence not only asked God to heal her but she said, "Father, you got to heal her, a few wouldn't make so much difference to you but it would make so much difference to us." She was thinking of the difference in the reckoning of time. After she had finished her prayer, she knew that mother, Agnes, would get better.

Two weeks after the family had moved out to Holladay (October 1933) Agnes was administered to by Patriarch Brown and Dr. Parker. In three days all the swelling had left her. After a few weeks later her abdomen began to swell, but strange as it may seem no water went into her legs again. The doctors wanted to "tap" her but she did not approve of it. In the summer of 1934 Dr. Lund said that he would come out to the home to tap her on a Tuesday morning. Monday night Brother Bean and another Elder administered to her. They said that if Agnes didn't recover, it was the will of the Lord. All night long Florence cried for fear we would lose her mother and prayed to God that the doctor wouldn't come and if he did, that he wouldn't "tap" her. The doctor didn't come until late that afternoon, because he had been delayed and he told Agnes that he had decided to cancel it. Agnes said she had prayed in the same way. He was the same Dr. Lund that had performed the operation in 1920, and he knew what great faith mother had. One lady had said to Agnes, when she had been healed, "Sister Berg, the faith you have is a gift. Do you realize that! It a gift."

That fall Dr. Shepherd was going to "tap" Agnes. When he came out to our home, he said that he had decided not to. Agnes suffered immensely but never once did she complain. She couldn't walk up the stairs without help and she even tried to work when she didn't have an ounce of strength.

In the fall of 1935 Agnes was relieved of her suffering, much to the sorrow of her family, relatives and friends who were left.

It must have been her time to go because when her first child was a baby, an elderly man went from house to house blessing those that he felt inspired to. He came to Agnes's home and gave her the promise that she could live as long as she wanted to and when Agnes wanted to go, she just needed to say, "Father, take me home."

Agnes Andersen Berg was laid to rest on a beautiful Sunday afternoon, September 29th, 1935, at the Wasatch Lawn Burial Park, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

During Agnes's life she had many pleasant experiences and very joyful days, but to Mae, the other incidents that have proven her mothers' steadfastness to the ways of our Heavenly Father and the Gospel, have been the most outstanding in her memory and this story is dedicate this to those who live and have lived honest and righteous lives such as Agnes Andersen Berg did.

GUNDER ERIKSEN BERG
1827 - 1910
probably written by a descendant

The man know as Gunder Eriksen Berg was born in a small costal farming village in Nord-Trøndelag County, Norway. The village is located about 22 miles by road in and east-northeasterly direction fro the city of Trondheim. The name of this village, Kvithammeraunet, is derived from the Norwegian word “Kvit” which means white, and “Hammer” which means steep crag. It is situated on a peninsula between two branches of Trondheim Fjord. The branching inlet to the north is called Åsentfjord while Stjørdal Fjord is to the south. At the head of Stjørdal Fjord lies a narrow inlet called Stjørdalshalsen. (This area plays a significant part in Gunder Eriksen’s conversion to the Gospel in later life.)

At the South of Stjørdalshalsen is the city of Vaernes. Although this city is about 3 miles south of his actual birthplace, Gunder often gave it as his birthplace, perhaps to avoid the confusion of having to explain the location of a place which appears only on the most detailed maps. It is clear from the entry made by the Stjørdal Parish Priest at the time of his christening on the 15 of July 1827 (two months after his birth) that his father Erik Enoksen and his mother Beret Gundersen were living on a farm called Kvithammeraunet.

- Erik Enoksen, Gunder’s father, was born in 1787 at Kvithammeraunet. Gunder’s grandfather, Enok Eriksen, was also a tenant farmer there. Thus, it appears that several generations spent their lives on the same small farm.

Gunder Eriksen’s mother was born on a farm called Kristolok in Hegre Clerical District n 1796. Her marriage to Erik Enoksen on November 11, 1824 took place six months after Erik’s first wife, Anne Joensen passed away in 30 May 1824. Twins had been born to Anne Joensen in 1810 but they died almost immediately after their birth. The children (a boy and a girl) would have been named Enok and Karen after their paternal grandparents, if usual naming customs had been followed. Our records show no names for these two children.

Normally, the second daughter would have been named Gjertrud after Gjertrud Andersen the maternal grandmother, but she was named Anne after her father’s first wife. She second son was named Gunder following the tradition of naming after the maternal grandfather, Gunder Joensens.

At his christening, Gunder Eriksen’s given name was recorded as Gunne, a spelling which he apparently never used.

The next Child of Erik Enoksen and Beret Gundersen was a girl who they named Karoline. Her birth on the 15th of December 1829 when Gunder was 2½ years old.

The following year in 1830, the family moved to another farm named Vollanberg, in Skatval Clerical District, which is a few miles the north of Kvithammeraunet.

Two years after the family’s arrival in Vollanberg, another son named Ola was born. The child, who had been born on the 7th of August 1832, died when he was barely a month old on September 17, 1832. This must have been an emotional ordeal for young Gunder who was then only 5 years old.

The next child, girl named Gjertrud, was born on 2nd of October 1834, when Gunder was 7 years old. She died February 18, 1836 before Gunder's 9th birthday. Gjertrude was 16 months old.

Finally on the 16 of September 1838, when Gunder was 11 years old, his mother gave birth to another boy. The child received the name Ola After the son who had died in infancy. The practice of re-naming subsequent children after earlier siblings who died before the infant baptism had been performed, was common in both the Lutheran and Catholic Churches.

The next significant events of which there are records, occurred in 1855. It was in the spring and summer of that year when two seemingly unrelated events began to push Gunder Eriksen toward a rendezvous with destiny.

One of Oslo Branch's many enthusiastic members was Gustave Andersen. It was at his home that the Mormon Missionaries held some of their first small meetings. He was by trade a skilled mason; well regarded and sought by contractors.

In the beginning of the year 1855, Gustave Andersen was chosen by the State Engineers Office to be the foreman over a crew of masons for the Norwegian Government. A few months later, he was appointed to the position of Supervisor for a group of masons and other workers to build a new bridge over Stjørdalshalsen about 20 miles from Trondheim. He was hesitant to accept the job because it would take over a year to complete; on the other hand, there was the possibility that he could open a new area to proselyting for the Mormon Church. After consultation with the mission presidency in Oslo, it was decided that he would accept the position.

He traveled to Trondheim in the spring of 1855 to continue the bridge project which had already been started. There is evidence that he obtained the position of supervisor on this project because he was a later-day Saint. During his work in Oslo, he had made a practice of hiring only dependable and skilled workers and therefore he never experienced discipline problems among his workers. He developed a high degree of management skill. He also put as much emphasis on preaching the Gospel as he did his work.

It was about this time that Gunder Eriksen (28 yrs. old) met a girl from Neraunet, named Ellen Jacobsen, and married her June 29, 1855. She was 25 years old (born: July 22, 1830). It is likely that immediately before or soon after their marriage, that Gunder came in contact with Gustave Andersen. The bridge project had been undertaken only three miles from Gunder Eriksen's home, so it is likely that he sought employment as a carpenter with Mr. Andersen's bridge project to support his new wife.

Gustave Andersen's work day was very long; therefore, he could not perform missionary work in the customary manner. Instead, he tried to bear his testimony to his workers and show by his example that he was a true Christian. He answered their questions but avoided holding formal meetings as this would have given the State Church Priest an excuse to arrest him for preaching non-Christian doctrines. At this point, it must be mentioned that because of the growing interest in the Mormon Church, The Norwegian State Church petitioned the Supreme Court to rule that the Mormon were not a Christian Religion. The Courts officially ruled the Mormons were not Christians in November of 1853 and therefore they were outside the protection of the law. The primary reason for this ruling was the Mormon's belief in additional scripture other than the Bible.

Simultaneous events of the bridge construction and Gunder Eriksen's marriage in the spring of the same year leads us to believe that it was at this time that Gunder was first introduced to the restored gospel through Gustave Andersen, but at this time he did not join the church.

By the winter of 1855, the bridge project was nearing completion and Gunder's services were no longer required. The records show that sometime during the year, he and his wife moved to Strinda Parish near the city of Trondheim, and their first child named Anna was born November 27, 1856. She was Christened March 1, 1857 in Lade District.

Meanwhile, the Mormon Church leadership in Oslo had seen the need for full time missionaries in the Trondheim area to continue the missionary efforts that Gustave Andersen had begun. A Danish convert named Carl Christian Nikoli Dorius, on the 12th of June 1856, arrived in Trondheim to serve a full time mission. Those who had listened to Gustave Andersen were waiting for him, surrounding his house to see and hear the word of God. The State Church Priest challenged him to a debate. The night of the debate, July 2, 1856, there was a large crowd assembled who were obviously sympathetic to the Mormon religion. Unfortunately, there were a number of others who had come to disrupt the meeting, so brother Dorius was forced to leave before the meeting was ended.

Two days later, he was detained by police and advised to leave the city. He traveled to Stjørdal where he had an appointment on the 7th of July for a cottage meeting with investigators. There were so many in attendance that the meeting had to be held outside the house. There were two women who were taught, while the bridge had been built, by Gustave Andersen, who desired to be baptized by Dorius. The baptism was performed in secret because of the opposition of the State Church and police. While Dorius was in the process of confirming the Holy Ghost, the baptism was interrupted by angry persecutors who were determined to put an end to the Mormon Church in Trondheim. Dorius was put in jail and fined 240 crowns and sentenced to 9 days on bread and water. Concurrent with the sentence was a fine of 160 crowns and 6 days for illegally baptizing in Bergen. After 15 days on bread and water, Dorius was released from jail and allowed to return to Oslo. On the 7th of August he was released from his mission.

Many of the early meetings in the Trondheim Branch were held at a home in the Lade District. It was at this home in 1862 that Carl Christian Dorius (who by now had returned to Norway as a Mission President) met with the Saints in Trondheim on the 12th of November in 1862. During his 14-day stay in Trondheim, 11 meetings were held and 11 converts were baptized. One of those baptized was Gunder Eriksen Berg. The baptism was performed in Devlehavnen on November 14, 1862, by Carl Christian Nikoli Dorius, who taught him the Gospel during his earlier mission to Trondheim.

The Church in Trondheim by this time had grown from no members in 1855, when Gustave Andersen was there, to 63 Saints in 1862 at the time of Dorius and conference there.

At the time of Gunder Eriksen Berg's baptism, he had two children named Anne and John Edward. Gunder's wife Ellen Jacobsen, was baptized on October 19, 1869.

Taken from Biography of Gustave Edward Berg
by Mae Viola Berg in Feb. 1937

(Names added to identify persons)

Gustave Edward Berg's Parents were converts from Norway and were married in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City Utah in 1881. His mother, Anna Eriksen Paulsen, was born March 22, 1860 in Gausdal, Opland, Norway. His Father, John Edward Berg, was born in Trondheim, Trondelag, Norway August 30, 1859.

Gustave was born September 1, 1884 in Logan Utah, in a frame house. He was the second born child. The order of the brothers and sisters in the family were as follows. Anna Erika, July 14, 1882, Logan Utah. Guatave Edward, September 1, 1884, in Logan Utah. William Henry, March 3, 1887 in Idaho Falls Idaho. Mary Elizabeth, May 3, 1887, in Logan Utah. Bertha Elenora, November 9, 1890, in Logan Utah. Orson Cornelius, August 27, 1893, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Albert Harriman, January 3, 1896 in Salt Lake City, Utah. Einar Lorenzo, January 15, 1898, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Bessie Naomi, June 2, 1900, in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The home Guatave was born in was two blocks southeast from the Logan Temple. This particular place was called, "the Island," and was one half a block from the Logan River. Northwest from the home was the old Desert Flour Mill and about half a block southwest was a big forest. In the summer time Gustave and his friends use to go into the forest to play. They like to stand on the bridge and catch fish with a pitch fork. Near the house was a cow pasture and in the winter time they would skate on the ponds in the pasture. Their drinking water was taken from the Logan River and Gustave often had the job of carrying water to the house.

One time when John Edward, Gustave's father, was on a mission, Gustave went to town to get some sugar and cocoa. On the way home he fell in an irrigation creek and lost the groceries. He cried, and prayed so he would get some more sugar. A man came along and asked why he was crying. Then he took him to town and bought him some more groceries. They knew that Gustave's father was on a mission.

When John Edward, Gustave's father came back from his mission he brought back a family of converts with him, and let them live in two of the rooms of his house. One day Gustave saw the father of the family dragging one of the children on the floor on top of a big family Bible with a rope tied into it. He had borrowed it from Guatave's father. That family later left the church.

John Edward, Gustave's Father, filled a two-year mission in Norway, Shortly after he left, his third daughter, Bertha Elenor, was born. When he came home, the family was about \$500 in debt for living expenses. John Edward was re-employed at the Oregon Short Line as a carpenter and they got along quite nicely after that. In 1893 there was a panic and he made only \$8.00 a week. He was paid \$2.00 a day and worked four days a week.

The family moved to Idaho Falls, Idaho, for a few years and then back to Logan. When Gustave was eight years old, they moved to Salt Lake City. Gustave was baptized in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, July 2, 1894 by Joe Keddington.

During the years Gustave went to school, drawing and mathematics were his favorite subjects. When he was full grown, he took a correspondence course in mechanical drawing.

When a child, Gustave, helped his mother rock the babies and he washed the dishes and scrubbed floors.

When Gustave was twelve years old, he was ordained a Deacon. It was the Deacon's duty to go around and collect for ward expenses. When they went to collect from the grocery man, he said, "You can take money from the tithing I pay, to help with the ward expenses." It was also the Deacon's job to keep the ward clean and keep the fires going in the winter, because there was no janitor. They chopped wood for the widows. One time they chopped wood for one of Lorenzo Snow's wives. When Gustave was Ordained a teacher he had a new responsibility, he went "block teaching." When he was a Priest, he blessed the Sacrament. He was ordained an Elder when he was twenty-three years old, just a few weeks before he was married. The family belonged to the 22nd Ward at the time.

Charles Daddley and Chester Knight were Gustave's favorite pals. They would often play billiards and bowling and would dance at the Salt Air Pavilion and also Waldamer Park. They learned new dance steps at Russell's Hall. At a dance in the 22nd Ward, Gustave met a very sweet girl, Agnes Andersen. He wanted to take her home but she refused to go home with strange fellows. He met her the second time at the 16th Ward's dances. After this they became very close friends. They went together to Lagoon, Salt Air, Waldamer and different wards. Sometimes they would rent a horse and buggy from the livery stable and take rides into the canyons.

Some of the books Gustave had liked to read are, Washington Irving's Works and he enjoyed reading church books, including the Book of Mormon and the Life of Heber C. Kimball. As a child his favorite books were wild west and Indian adventures.

Gustave always enjoyed hiking, dancing, and traveling. He has been to Los Angeles several times, to Stockton, California; San Francisco; Yellow Stone National Park; Kansas City; Independence, Missouri; Omaha. When Agnes, (his girl friend) went to Wolf Point, Montana; he went with her as far as Butte. He has also been to Pocatello, Idaho several times on business trips.

The 30th day of October in 1907, he went to the Salt Lake Temple and was married to the true and faithful convert from Norway, Agnes Andersen. She had been in America only a year. They paid a lady to make their temple suites.

They were blessed with a family of seven children, Edward Nephi, born August 29, 1908; Agnes Josephine, born June 20, 1910; Florence La Vaughn, born August 1, 1912; Ruby Ileane, born August 9, 1915; Jennie Alvera and Mae Viola, born December 12, 1918; and the last child, a son, Harold Marcus, born February 14, 1924. When Nephi was nine Months old, they moved from 3rd North and 3rd West to their new home on 17th South. This was in June 1909. In 1924 they moved to another home that Gustave had built. This home was on Logan Avenue. These three homes were all in Salt Lake City, Utah. In 1933 they moved out to Holladay, Utah.

One Sunday morning, when they were living on 17th South, there was an earthquake. The Bishop who was a neighbor on the east came out and said, "It is a sign of the times." They heard a neighbor on the west laughing. His wife was sick in bed and when she tried to get out she got tangled in the bedding and fell.

When Gustave's oldest son, Nephi, was five years old he was operated on for appendicitis. They did not expect him to live but he was healed through the Priesthood. One time when he was older, he was promised that his appendices would grow back again.

Gustave's twin daughters were born during the "flue epidemic." The world war had just closed November 11, 1918 and conditions were hard and living expenses were high. Butter was \$.75 a lb., and potatoes were \$4.00 and \$5.00 for 100 lbs. When 50 lbs. of wheat flour was bought, one also had to buy 50 lbs. of substitute. This substitute was rice or potato flour.

The winter the twins were born Gustave burned 10 tons of coal at \$8.50 a ton. The expenses of having twins cost \$500.00 extra for the first six months. The Lord always blesses his children when they live His commandments. Gustave worked for the Short Line Rail Road and received \$300.00 back pay and got a raise in wages.

Gustave was an elder at this time and had faith. One day he and Elder Morris administered to a child in the ward that had a bad case of stomach trouble. After the administration Gustave told the mother of the child to let him go outside and play in the dirt and for her not to worry if he ate some. The mother did this and the child recovered.

When Gustave was about 40 years old, he was ordained a Seventy in the Hawthorne Ward, in Salt Lake City. In 1933 he was Ordained a High Priest, this was before he moved out to Holladay, Utah.

After he and the family lived in Holladay for two years, his beloved wife and companion was taken from the earth. She was buried September 29, 1935 at Wasatch lawn Burial Park, Salt Lake City, Utah. His plans for the future were not as bright as they would have been if she would have continued with him.

Ordinations of Gustave Edward Berg:

Priest--September 6, 1905 by Elder John L. Nebeker

Elder-- October 28, 1907 by John Garbet

Seventy-- February 19, 1922

High Priest--

A Story of Gunder Eriksen Berg family coming to Utah from Norway

Adapted from a story written and revised by

Margot Seymour, Joan Seymor and William Russell Berg

Edited by Harold M. Berg

Gunder Eriksen Berg was a poor carpenter whose ancestors lived in Trondheim, Norway for some generations before him, as well as in Trepil, a small island town a few miles from the Swedish border. Gunder and his wife Ellen Jacobsen were living in a small two-family dwelling in Trondheim when they heard the hymn "Oh My Father" being sung in the neighboring apartment. Asking about the song, they found Mormon Elders next door. Soon they were studying the gospel and were baptized by Elder Antone Schanky, the same elder who converted the Widtsoe family. His companion was Peter J. Petersen.

Gunder set about to save for the expense for the trip across the ocean to America and Utah. The trip was paid for by profits gained by Gunder from building a house and selling it.

The Gunder Eriksen family, he and his wife Ellen and their children, Anna, John Edward, Amelia (Emelia), Bertina, and Cornelious went to Bergen to embark about 1870 or 1871. They left one child buried in Trondheim, the first Amelia who died as an infant.

It is believed that they adopted the name of Berg aboard ship before departure. They believed as a group that Scandinavian surnames such as Eriksen, Olsen, and etc. were th common for proper identification. Other opinions hold that fathers adopted the name of the farm from which they came or, their port of embarkation.

The ship was a sailing vessel, a freighter making its last voyage before it bowed out because of the emergence of the steam ships. Apparently was not seaworthy. They ran into a great storm, and although the ship's captain was not a Mormon himself, he claimed the old hulk would have sunk had there not been Mormons aboard. It was to be the last voyage of the ship - and it was. The vessel sank in mid-ocean on its return trip.

While they were aboard ship, the twins, Bertina and Connelious, discovered a number of cracker barrels in the hold. They thought they were strange things that they had never seen before and decided to take some. Cornelious was wearing knickers with the band below the knee. They filled the knickers with crackers and went out on deck. They had gone only a few feet when the button on the band broke, and the crackers fell around Cornelious's ankles.

They finally debarked in New York. John Edward, who was about twelve years old, spied some tomatoes being sold in the street. They had never seen tomatoes before. Most of the Europeans called them love apples. They believed they were poisonous. John Edward declared he was going to buy one and eat it. His family frantically warned him with their hands up that he would die if he ate one. He ate it anyway - and lived for many more years.

The family crossed the states by train and settled in Plain City, Weber County - near Ogden in 1871. After about a year, they moved to Logan, where they began to build a home. Winter came before the basement was cemented, it was only boarded. The house was located between two canals. When the canals froze over, water began to seep into the basement. On Christmas the basement was really flooded. The older members of the family waded, but Cornelious and Bertina used an old tub for transportation, sometimes paddling themselves, sometimes being pushed by John Edward (Eddy).

Gunder Erikson Berg was the son of Erik Enoksen Haugen and Berit Gunderson. He was born may 27th, 1827 in Tronderlag, Flyker, Norway. His wife Ellen Jacobsen was the daughter of Jacob Hansen and Ann Jacobsen. She was born on July 22, 1830. According to their daughter Bertina, Ellen was short tempered, but Gunder was a sweet, loveable and long suffering as any man could be. Everyone seemed to love him.

Garden City, Utah
Sept. 26, 1953

This is to inform you that I do not wish to be affiliated in any way with any group outside the Church.

I realize now that the proper Priesthood and Authority are in the Church and only in the Church and with the Authorities whom I intend to obey.

I know that, because of our divorce, Richard P. Kimball has no claim on me nor I on him except for the support money for the children as awarded me by the courts.

If you and he feel that it is necessary to cancel any other bonds you may believe there are between us please do so.

Sincerely,

Agnes J. Kimball

by Aunt Florence

Important! Family History

Written by Agnes Berg

You wanted me to describe of what I know of my parents. I'm not sure, I think the group sheets ~~where~~ will show where Mother was born and buried. Oh, Dad was born in Logan. But, I'm not sure of some of these things I'm telling you. I'm not sure of my memory and I think everyone's memory is just a little different. ~~where~~

You have a picture of my mother. She was quite a pretty woman. She wasn't very tall. She probably was as short as I am and her hair was dark. She was never heavy until her heart got so bad she was filled with water, and then she was. She was so heavy when she was carrying the twins that she couldn't get through a door, ^{and} she couldn't put on her shoes and stockings. And for several years when she wanted to sew, she had a treadle sewing machine, we had to get down on the floor and treadle it for her. I'm quite sure her ~~her~~ eyes were blue, her hair was long and when we had scarlet fever and Dad was quarantined out, she used to let us take her hair down and put it up in different styles and we were really thrilled about it.

She was a lot of fun. We had a lot of fun with Mother when we were alone with her. She, I said was short. Dad was tall and what I remember about Dad was a picture of him on the wall and you have that picture in the genealogical book. But it was in color and he was a ~~sallow~~ yellow and those teeth hanging down over the lower lip made him look quite bad and someone told Mother, "She would be a widow in six months if she married him. He had ^{Cathar} ~~Ka-tar~~ and that was sinus trouble. (Then I guess that's where I inherited mine.) But Mother knew quite a bit about proper eating and cooking and she soon had him in good shape, I think mostly through eating and things like that

But we'll go back a little farther. I think Mother was born in ^dTrondheim?, I'm not absolutely sure, but I think so. I think she lived in Oslo for awhile. ~~SK~~ They lived near the sea but she never learned how to swim and when she was nine years old, her father was a fisherman and her mother had seven children. Mother said the door opened one day, it was at night, and they saw drops of water on the floor but they couldn't see anybody and somebody walked over by the stove and Grandma ⁱⁿ Norway said, "Grandpa's drowned." "on a fishing boat." And he had and left her with seven children.

So at nine, mother, she was the oldest girl, there was one boy older, was sent out to work for her board and room and to go to school and in her spare time, what spare time she had, she knit socks for all the children. She taught Nephi and I how to knit socks during world War II and World War K, ^{Ah (It was)} ~~she~~ ^{we} would ~~put~~ ^{knit} the legs in and she would put the feet in and we were so proud to think that we could purl and knit.

When she somewhere around 15, I believe, she had begun going to missionary meetings, she'd gone to several. And she had a testimony that ~~yx~~ ^{the} gospel was true. She was in the hospital and I think they said she had diptheria, but I think that she had reumathoid arthritis, pneumatic fever, that's what she had, because she had a bad heart from that time on. They didn't think she'd live, only gave her a day or two, and she prayed one night and told the Lord if he'd let her live and come to Zion and be another in Zion that she would devote her life to doing the work of the Lord. And she did. She obeyed Christ's teachings better than anyone I've seen, for a long time.

Well, she recovered. And when she was out of the hospital, she'd gone to one of these meetings with her friend named Holga. Holga later came over to America and lived down in Moroni, married a man named Jensen. Florence knows yx very well. We used to go down there once in awhile. But Hold a and mother were walking down the street, and Mother saw something come out of ~~the~~ ^a wall, a house, and she said it was brilliant, the light just shone, ~~it's~~ ^{it's} feet were above the ground and it didn't seem to be walking like we normally walk, but it just kind of almost floated across the street. And Mother stood and watched it, she wanted to ask it something. And just as, it paused, and just as she started asking this question, she heard Holga holler, "Agens" And she had run down to the corner and the spirit disappeared. So she went down to the corner where Hilga was. Holga said, "Weren't you frightened, didn't you see that? That was a spirit." "Didn't that frighten you?" Mother said, "It didn't frighten me, I wanted to ask it something. And it disappeared when you hollered." And Mother believes that was the angel of death. There was a woman who lived in the house that the spirit had come out of and she had moved just that

day into the house across the street. She died that night. And Mother believes this was the angel of death.

That was Ruby on the phone and she said it was Dad, it wasn't Mother, who was born in Trondheim. Mother was born in Stoker or someplace like that.

Mother had a very loving disposition. After she was converted to the church and she wanted to come to Zion, people over in Norway always told her, "Oh don't go there, there's a big high wall around that place and all the old men marry the young women. And of course, it wasn't like that at all. Everyone, her folks disowned her because she joined the Mormon Church. And Mother came, I believe she came Steerage on the boat. That's the bottom, lowest deck. And they had to bring ^{I believe} most of their own food. Whether they could buy some on board, I guess they could buy a little, because it took weeks to make the journey across the ocean. And then they were on Ellis Island for a couple of weeks. They kept all immigrants there to make sure they didn't have any communicable diseases that they could spread to Americans here, and some of them were sent back. Aunt Frieda was almost sent back when she came. She came over here when I was born to help take care of Mother and on Ellis Island they asked her what religion she was and she said she was a Mormon. They said, "Do you believe in Pologamy?" They asked everyone that. And she made a mistake and said, "Yes." And they almost sent her back to Norway. But she realized, "I guess her mistake so she said, "We believe in it, but we don't practice it." "We don't practice plural marriage anymore." And so they let her come on. Later one of mother's sister's in Norway joined the church. Mother, I guess you know the story, was a twin and her twin died and I believe ~~Frieda~~ Fredrica was her twin, either Martha or Fredrica. Anyway, the next one was a single girl and she was named the twin's name who died. And I believe that was Frieda. And then Grandma Norway had twins again and she named those, Let's see, can't remember, she named those and I believe Martha died and she

had another one and she named it Martha. Anyway ~~six~~ out of the two sets of twins, one died and she named the next girl child that one's name. I don't believe she had any younger boys. The oldest boy was Arnie and he went to England and married a girl named Agnes. ~~Mother~~

Mother's health problem was her heart, it was always bad and Dad's was Cathar, but evidently he got over that. One thing you have to admire Dad for, no matter how he felt, he always went to work. I guess he instilled that in his children, because when I was working to support my family, no matter how I felt, I worked and the two times I was hospitalized with Hepatitis, I was on the job, and I was ill, had a high temperature. I believe in the six years I worked at Sears, I only took two days off when I had the flu and Sunday and Monday were my regular days off and I took Weds. and Thurs. on my sick leave. That was the only time I was out, except when I had surgery. And once when I was cooking at the college up there, it was almost to the end of my shift, ~~fixxxxxxxxxx~~ anyway I felt pretty punk, I had a strep throat a lot, and I had a strep throat and I had a temperature of 103° and my boss came a long and saw that I really wasn't feeling very well, so she sent me to the college doctor and he gave me something to take and sent me home. I usually went home about 2:30 anyway and I think this was about quarter to two, or something like that, so I didn't lose much time. ~~RM~~ Now I bog down, I wish I could pick up some of that energy. I don't know if I just made myself do those things.

Talking about philosophies and raising families, Dad never showed affection for us children. I can remember when I was very small, Mother always kept us very spotless and we always had embroidered clothes on. She ~~xxxxxxxxxx~~ embroidered them, herself, usually with ardonerly they call it hardanger, now but over here, but she always called it ardoner. And that picture of Nephi and I when I was five and he was three, he had ardoner on his vest, on his gray suit and I had embroidery all over my little short dress. They were quite cute pictures. But Mother always dressed us so nice and he was proud to take our hand and take us around the block. And I can remember when the

twins were born and we had a twin baby buggy, it was quite wide, And he was proud to push that around. Multiple births were quite rare in those days and everybody had to stop and see the twins when they were little. Mother and Dad got along fairly good, Of course they had their ups and downs. Neigher one was, Mother showed more affection than Dad did, but she didn't very much except that she demanded that we show affection to her, we had to kiss her every night before we went to bed and every morning before we went to school. We never missed. And I can remember when Mother was ill before she died, ~~he~~^{she} lived out in Holliday and we lived in Millcreek. We never missed one Sunday going out to see her. We went out to see her every Sunday just ~~like a sure~~^{as sure} ~~like a sure~~. Of course, we'd go after dinner so she wouldn't be bothered with a lot of ~~the~~ us there for dinner. We'd have an early dinner about 2:00 and then we'd go out and visit with Mother until we could see she was getting tired and then we'd go home. But I'm glad now, that we didn't miss any Sunday going out there. It made it bad for the ones that were left, Mae and Harold said, "When Mother died, nobody came out to see him" but the family anymore. But they really felt the loss and Mae told me once, "It's been so lonesome out here since Mother died because nobody ever comes out to see us."

I told you a little about Mother's immigration to the United States and Aunt Frieda's immigration. Aunt Frieda, I believe was born in the same city Mother was. Her health seemed to be pretty good and in her latter days she Arthritis, quite badly and she one boy who had quite a large family and he and his wife were divorced and Aunt Frieda tried to raise them but she just wasn't up to it so Florence took one of them and they passed them around to different ones in the family. But Aunt Frieda was a very wonderful person. She was a pretty woman. She was light, her hair was light and she always had such a sweet smile on her face. She looked a lot like Ruth looks. She was always thin, she was never heavy and I used to go out there every summer. Mother trusted me. When I was quite young I was responsible and I

can remember a lot of things I could do that a lot of other kids my age couldn't do like take the street car and go down town and buy some things for mother, some things she needed from town and we lived a half a block on seventeenth South, a half a block east of the streetcar track and the road was raised and the track was on top of it. And I know we kids used to love to take pennies and go put on the track when we could see the streetcar coming and it would come along and smash the pennies right flat. It had a trolley overhead that made it run and sometimes, the boys, the mischievous boys, would get behind it and when the motorman was starting out, they'd pull the trolley off the track off its wire and then they run and then he'd have to go back out and put it on again and he would really be mad.

I remember once where we lived, a small child about five years old was crossing the railroad track and stumbled and fell in front of the streetcar and was killed and I know that was on my mind for a long time. I could tell you alot of things, Oh I'll tell you privately sometime, somethings that girls had to do then that they wouldn't think of doing now. For instance I never saw a disposable diaper in my life. And I not only did the diapers for my baby, but I did them for a friend of mine a lot of times, too, who I understood was kind of delicate and didn't feel very good and I guess really didn't want to wash dirty diapers very well, so she'd let them stack up and then she'd call me and tell me she was sick and would I come and do them for her. So I did. Seems like I was always doing something like that.

I'll tell you something about our Christmases and Thanksgiving. We had a larger house than Aunt Frieda did. Aunt Frieda only had a three-room what they called box-car style house, one room after another. The first room they had, the one closest to the street was a bedroom, the one in the middle, even though it was a bedroom at night, it had cots on that could pull up from each side and make a full bed and with those cots up, there was hardly walking room in the middle and of course, they didn't have lights, they didn't have refridgeration of anyking, but I loved to go out and visit with Aunt Frieda. They had a sandbox right outside the door. And I remember

once when Steven was little ,he was out there rubbing an apricot in the sand and then eating it and I ran into Aunt Frieda and I was just aghast and I thought, "Oh, something's going to happen to that boy." But she just laughed, she said, "Oh, that won't hurt him." And it didn't.

I was quite young when I started to go out there, about eight years old. I'd go down and get on the streetcar and go downtown and transfer so I ~~gat~~ could get over to the Bamberger Depot and then get the Bamberger Railroad and go to Granger, I think it was about seven miles from Salt Lake, I'd have to get off at Redwood Road and 33rd South and walk west about a mile before I got to Aunt Frieda's. And there was a friend of mine, I can't remember her first name now, she ~~lived~~ lived across the street, and they had a big irrigation ditch and they'd made a big pool in part of it and it was a swimming pool, we had a lot of fun, they also had a player piano. And we used to go there and play the player piano.

Sometimes on Sunday I'd ask Mother if I could go out and see Aunt Frieda and she'd say yes. When Aunt Frieda would see me coming down the road, she'd send one of the children down to the basement for some of these Danish pickles I liked so well. I liked Aunt Frieda. I thot the world of her. She was the best aunt and she was a very good mother. It's too bad that some of her children turned out the way that they did. But I think she was a little permissive with them. She let them do things that Mother wouldn't let us do and it wasn't the best thing for the children. On

On Christmas and holidays, they would always come to our place because we had a larger place. We had a bathroom with a bathtub, we had a living room and a dining room and kitchen, a big breakfast room we could put an extra bed in if we had to and then two bedrooms. I remember we ~~always~~ always had them for Thanksgiving and Christmas and they'd come in an open sleigh and bring blankets to put over them in case it stormed and before they went home, we'd always warm bricks in the oven to keep their feet warm and keep them warm on the way home because it was pretty cold in Salt Lake in those times of year.

Our Christmas tree was always in the middle of the room. We had the kind of candles that had little springs on, something like little kinds of clippies, and they were real ~~tiny little~~ candles, just almost the size of birthday candles maybe just a little bit bigger. And we'd trim the tree and we'd always pop popcorn and string cranberries and make loops with papers and nearly always homemade things that we put on our tree. And we'd put on the lights and make sure they weren't around any of the paper and then when it was evening after dinner, we'd, well Christmas Eve sometimes, too, we'd light the candles and we'd all form a circle and walk around the Christmas tree singing Christmas carols. We had a piano and Mother could play it a little bit. Mae could play it better later on but if we had the piano or not, we sang Christmas carols and ~~we~~ I can remember we were so anxious to see them ~~coming~~ come, we'd look ~~at~~ out the window. Mother wouldn't let us, we wouldn't dare touch the curtains, but we'd peer out the window anyway till we saw the wagon coming up the street and the kids didn't know what a bathtub was like when they were out in Granger. When they'd get to our place, they'd run and jump in the bathtub and play in their and Mother had to stop them and have us watch them and tell them, "Don't play in the bathtub". We, ourselves, always had white, perfectly white bedspreads on ~~on~~ our beds, white curtains, we were never allowed to lie down on the bed. Even mother, as ill as she was, wouldn't lay down on her own bed when she wasn't feeling good, she'd lie down on the floor. And we had hardwood floors in the living room and in the dining room and we waxed them about every two or three months. We'd clean the carpets, take them out and beat them with the carpet beater, clean them and then wax the floor and polish it. We had a carpet sweeper and Mother would put woolen cloths underneath it and we kids would sit on it, on the carpetsweeper, and somebody else would pull it and we'd go round and round and round the room, taking turns and laughing and having a good time while we'd polish the floor. I can remember beating those rugs, too. I can also remember when I was around eight years old, I joined a what they called a Peter

Rabbit club. It was a show at the Pantagious Theater. I don't think it's there now. It was between second and Third South on the west side of Main Street. No, it was between Second and First South. Anyway, the show would start at 10:00, so we'd have to line up down there around 9:00. All our work had to be done first before we went. We knew there was no way of getting out of doing our work, so I'd have to get up at 5:30 and scrub the floor on my hands and knees, we were never allowed to use a mop. I had to rake all the ~~sm~~ soot out of the stove, clean it with newspapers and then with special stuff we had to clean stoves with, and the bathroom all the fixtures had to be cleaned and the ~~big~~ tub had legs, we had to get under and clean under there. And the dishes had to be done, all the work had to be done before we could leave the house and we always tried to leave by 8:30. I knew there was no use trying to skip things by missing any parts under the stove or under the tub or someplace, because then that meant the next time I wouldn't go, so I always got it done.

The house was on 17th South on the north side, halfway up the street and it faced a street called Lake Street. We were just right at the end of Lake Street I can remember when I must have been about 13, it was during the war and the women wore these rats, they called them, over their ears, they'd buy about a half-circle of stuff in town and put over your ear and put your own hair over it and the other hair above it would be taken to the back. I had a picture taken of me, I don't believe I have it, I've looked for it, standing against a wall of the house. I had bare feet and an awkward length dress, to me now, it was awkward, and my hair fixed that way and I thought I was very sophisticated. I thought that was really the thing to do. I was a regular tomboy when I was a kid, and Nephi and I used to always play together. We'd get off and play ball with the boys and have a lot of fun, dig up artichokes, swipe corn, cook them and we'd build holes in the ground and cover them with a slanted way to get up, like stairs. I remember I'd dream that I was crawling down into this hole head-first and it would crash in on me and that could be where I got my claustrophobia because I can remember I just woke up in a panic. Once I was sleeping under a window sill and I woke up with such a start that

I cut my head. But Florence kind of felt left out, I think, because she had been hurt a couple of times and she wasn't ~~has~~ ready to do the rough things as we were, so the kids when they'd call us, ~~thexs~~ they'd come and call, "Oh, Ag'n'He", they meant Agnes and Nephi. When Nephi was 12 years old, he joined the boy scouts and of course, I was a boy scout, too. Before that he'd been reading "Black Beauty" and Tarzan books and I read every one of them, I read "Black Beauty" twice. And he taught me how to make a fire with rolling sticks, rolling a stick with a little indentation in another piece of wood and put on fine wood carvings on it to start a fire. And I learned the Morse Code and I learned how to signal. ~~and our~~ ~~house~~ went clear from 17th South back to Logan Avenue. Our house was in the front part, in the back we had a garden, a little farther back we had our outhouse before we had our bathroom and in the last half over toward Logan Avenue, was an orchard and Nephi would get out in the orchard and I would get up by the street or ~~side~~ ~~side~~ and we'd signal with flags. Sometimes we'd get out in a pup-tent, he in one part of the orchard and I in another, and we'd sleep out for the night. I was just a kid, so, when he joined the boy scouts, he was 12 years old, I did everything he did and when he went up to the boyscout pow-wow, why the whole family went with. We went up to Millcreek Ganyon where the wigwam is now, there wasn't a wigwam then, it was, they just had a campfire. We had a campsite there, we children, and Mother left us there, Florence and Nephi and I and when it rained we had to get out of tent and run out and dig a trench around the tent for the water to run off and we caught ~~squirrels~~ and cooked those, and did our washing in the creek and hung it on the bushes and went up on the pipeline and ~~xxxx~~ caught lizards in our hands and then had our hands closed and we couldn't get down so we'd sit on our sit-downs and slide down. I guess we wore out clothes that way. Anyway that was a lot of fun. So Nephi and I got along pretty good.

Mother would call names till she got the right one. She'd go out and she'd call "Ha, Flo, Ruby, Mae" and who she wanted was Mae and she started ~~off~~ ^{off} and went almost down the whole list and one thing about Mother, there was only one thing we could

ever correct her on and that was her English. She wanted to speak as though she were born in America and just as soon as we started school, she said, "If I say anything wrong," it's hard for Norwegians or people from the European world to say V, they say W. So, we'd have to correct her. Whenever we heard her pronounce anything wrong, we would tell her that isn't pronounced that way and we would correct her. She would allow us to correct her on that, she demanded it and when she went to Canada with Nephi, come home from his mission, she chatted with the gardner and he asked her where she was born and she said, "Salt Lake City, Utah," and he never doubted her. Her diction was perfect and Aunt Frieda right till the day she died, spoke broken English and had a dialect.

We had a rocking chair at home, it was my favorite chair and whenever we had a storm, thunder and lightening, Mother would put that chair in the middle of the room and she'd tell us, "Don't go by the piano and don't go by the walls." And she'd sit in the chair and we'd sit on the floor around her and she'd tell us stories about Norway and sing songs about Norway and ~~wa~~ we would be enthralled hearing her tell about the fjords and how they'd go out, the maids would go out and blow the horn calling the cows home at night and about the ships going up and down the fjords. And then she'd tell us stories about those fierce, I can't remember now, The Norwegians that lived up in fjords and were such fierce fighting people, vikings. Our ancestry went back to viking blood. Florence made the remark once, "Well, we're such fighters because we're vikings." Of course, they did some things that weren't too commendable but then they also did things that were pretty wonderful in their determination.

One good thing that came from the storms and Mother telling us ^{stories} about Norway, at that time, was that none of us were ever afraid of a thunderstorm or lightening. And sometimes she'd take us out to the porch and show us and tell us that it was Father in Heaven speaking to us and that if we could ever hear the thunder, we'd know it wouldn't harm us because anybody who was killed by lightening, would never hear the thunder. The light traveled faster than the sound and she was a warm-hearted

woman. I can't remember Mother ever turning anyone away in need, and in those days, a lot of tramps would go up and down the street~~s~~ asking for meals. Mother never turned anyone away. She would usually invite them in and a lot of times they wouldn't, so she'd go in and fix the best she had even it ~~ix~~ was just a sandwich and a glass of milk and they would eat it on the porch and they used to say that hobos or tramps that went around ~~looking~~^{begging} for meals would mark your gate or mark your way in some way so that others who along would know that you were good to them or ~~you~~^{you} weren't. We didn't have a fence, so I don't know what they did to us but I know Mother had quite a few and I know that she never turned any away.

And she always wanted to see the Three Nephites. And one day a man knocked on our door, he had white hair, I can remember that, and she asked him in, he asked for something to eat and she fixed him the nicest meal she could and fed him at the dining room table and was very cordial and nice to him. He was neat and clean, he wasn't dirty like some of the other tramps and as he went to go, he put his hand on Nephi's head, Nephi was just small then, and he said "this young man will go on a mission before he's out of his teens." And he left. And Mother had very peculiar feelings when he left and she thought, "I wonder if he was one of the Three Nephites?" And she ran to the door and looked out and couldn't see him. She went ~~ix~~ down the sidewalk a little and looked up the street and down the street and couldn't see him anywhere and she ~~was~~^{is} convinced, or was, that he was one of the Three Nephites. And Nephi~~x~~ did go on a mission before he was out of his teens.

I'll tell you something about when I was in the Third Grade. We had a school that was getting a little bit too small for the population and so they bought what they called bungalows and put two of them on the property and I was in the Third Grade and I was in the bungalow. I was an author and boy could I write. I wrote stories, themes and I was so romantic and I had a tablet, the kind you write things in, and I had written quite a few stories in there. I was going to publish them and I was going to be a famous author, so I took it ~~x~~ to school one day, I had a nice teacher that I liked very well, and told her about the stories I had written and I was hoping I would publish them one

like that and I won't either and so I left those people, I don't even remember their names. But I worked like that most of the time.

When I was in High School and I hadn't quite finished the tenth grade, Dad had a lot of expenses, he'd built a new home. I have to tell you about that, oh boy, and I didn't have ~~much~~ enough money for clothes, I had a dress that I'd graduated from Jr. High School in, it was a sleeveless green dress over a yellow slip and then I had a heavy yellow sweater with a skirt and those were the only two things I had to wear to school and I went to high school. I had to alternate, wear one one week and one the next week. And I didn't have money for a gym locker, I didn't have money for the things that you had to have for school. And I would borrow somebody's else's gym locker and if they didn't happen to be there I wouldn't be able to get my shoes or what I needed and I got discouraged. And I found that I could work for \$5.00 a week and my board and room and take care of a little boy. So I quit school just a month before school was out. My teachers were quite unhappy with me, ~~exp~~ especially my art teacher, she said, "You have so much talent and you shouldn't quit now, no matter what. Just keep going. Don't quit."

But I quit anyway and I went there. I worked there for several months, I had to sleep on a cot in the same room with this woman's mother and sister, they shared a room, and the woman and her boy, they ^{slept in another one} ~~shared a room with another one~~, and I think that she was a hooker, I'm not sure, she'd leave the house every day and always wear a black satin coat and be all dressed up and powdered up and perfumed up and then come home at night and I never knew where she worked, she had never given me a number or anything. And one day while I was dusting, I flipped the perfume atomizer down a little too hard, and knocked it or something, and I broke the bottom, a little piece out of it, but it had a seal on the bottom and so it didn't come off, but it was just broken. When she came home I told her about it and I showed her. I said, "I'm sorry, I'll buy you a new one." And when she paid me I asked her how much it was and she told me and I gave her the money for it and I said, "Now I'll have the old one." And she said, "No, you won't."

day, and she said to let her read it and she did and read it at recess or at noon hour. When I came in she said, "There very good stories, for your age they're exceptionally good, so you keep up and don't let down on that. You may be an author someday." Well, when I got ready to go home, I'd been out to recess, it must have been noon that she saw them, and I started to clear out my desk to take the things home and the tablet was gone. Someone had stole it. Well, I was so sick about it and I felt so bad about it, that was the end of my literary career. I didn't write anymore stories.

In Junior high school when that song was so popular about "Yes, we have no bananas," ^{we have bananas today} today, it was an easy song to write lyrics to, I wrote a lot of lyrics to popular songs, just for fun, I don't remember them now.

I know I was always busy. I can't remember a time when I wasn't busy. Mother used to use me a lot for running errands and doing things. And I was quite young, I was only 13 or 14 when I started working for the neighbors, doing housework and tending kids. When I was 14 I worked for my ~~room~~ board and room. I worked for some people who had a little boy, he was a cute little boy, and I had my own room. They were really nice people. I had to set the table at night and cut the oranges and cover them. We had cut oranges in the morning and the table was all set, had a very nice breakfast, put powdered sugar on them. Those people were nice. But later, when I was going to Junior high school, I went to another place where I had to work for ~~xxx~~ \$5.00 a week and my board and room that wasn't so pleasant. She would leave all the dishes ^{for me} to do when I came home from school. On Saturday I had to do the dishes and the kitchen and a big back porch where the refridgerator was and do the refridger tor and she had a baby and take care of the baby. They would go out at night a lot and I would take care of the baby. One night when they had gone, hadn't been gone maybe about an hour, he came back, the man of the house came back, ~~and~~ he said for some liquor for the party, they had run out and he tried to get fresh with me and he frightened me. So, I fought him off and he went then I called Mother and told her the story and she sent Nephi down with the car. And when the poeple came home I was all packed and ready to go and I told them Mother wouldn't allow anything

And I said, "Well if I paid for it so that you can get a new one, I should have the old one." And she absolutely refused. And a fellow I was going with then, Alvin, had a cousin who worked at the University Pharmacy and she told me she could get me on there. So I quit that woman and I never did get the atomizer, she didn't pay me all she owed me and I went to work at the university pharmacy.

Of course I had worked before for the A & W in Sugarhouse. I worked so many places, if I tell you it would take all the rest of the tape and I think I'd better go now.

I will say something about the family heirloom, the only one I have, this Dan Weigland's painting. It doesn't have a glass on it as it used to, but Dan Weigland was not our great-grandfather as Jeanie insists that he is. She said that he is through plural marriage, the story I heard is entirely different. My grandmother, on Dad's side, her mother was a widow and she met Dan Weigland and he was a widower, past child-bearing years, and they were married more for companionship than anything. They lived down around 5th North and 3rd or 4th West in a little house, they used to make so many of those, what they call railroad style. You'd go in the front door and it was the studio and it had a lot of windows especially a large ~~west~~ north window and paintings and easels and paints and paintings that weren't finished and were leaning against something on the floor. It was a mess, but I thought it was a glorius mess. ^{Mother thought that} You could make your children love these things by attending them when you were carrying them. She used to take us to ~~concerts~~ concerts and she took piano lessons and she had some of the children take piano lessons. She took vocal lessons. She loved the arts and she used to go down there and she loved grandpa Weigland and he did her and she'd go talk to him and I would sit on a little bench or chair and I used to think that was the ~~the~~ most glorius mess I'd ever seen. I loved it.

Then the next room was a bedroom and the next room was the kitchen, so they didn't have a very big house and they didn't have any worldly possessions. He was the first ~~professor~~ ^{professor} at the University of Utah

one of the foremost artists of Utah and recently they had a Dan Weigland Day, they honoured him. When I was in the hospital and ~~was~~ one of the Utah ^{State} professors was a patient and when he found out that I was related to Dan Weigland, I said, great-grandfather, he was very thrilled. He said he was one of the most wonderful painters that they had known about. Aunt Bessie has five of his paintings and his son, I understand, is trying to gather his works together. He called her up one day, he knew she had some paintings, he didn't know ~~how~~ many, and asked her how much she would take for a painting and she said, "I wouldn't sell one for less than \$50,000.

My first employment would be rather difficult because I worked for neighbors and I told you about working for families for about \$5.00 and board and room, ~~xxxxxx~~ I quit school a month before I finished the tenth grade and that's when I went to work for this woman who cheated me out of a week's work, money and the atomizer. And from there I went up to the University of Utah fountain. ^{I had worked previously} in Sugarhouse at the A&W Rootbeer Stand and had a little training along that line. Then from there I went to the Whitehouse Caterer's which is something like ~~Kixy's~~ Keeley's. You wouldn't know what ~~Kixy's~~ Keeley's is, it's just a place you'd go and get something to eat, except the Whitehouse would cater parties and I know we went out to the Country Club once and catered a party and we went out to another fancy place and catered a party, we would prepare the food and ~~xxx~~ had nice aprons and little hats, and go out and serve the guests. And later, I ran a rootbeer stand ~~xxx~~ ⁱⁿ that place when the Whitehouse Caterers folded up and I'd already ran a rootbeer stand in a ZCMI near the grocery section there then, it isn't there now and had done such a good job, they like'd it and when I came back from Calif. when I was 17 and went to work for Woolworth's, the boss came ~~in~~ and saw me and offered me a raise over what I was making if I would come back and work for him. Then they rented this building that used to be the Whitehouse Cateres and made a rootbeer stand out of it and turned it entirely over to me. I hired and fired the help and fixed the machinery and cleaned it all the time, we had to clean out the tubes every night.

And bank the money and ran for dear life to catch the last line for home. All the streetcars would line up at 2nd South and Main, one line to the South and one line to the North at 12:00. You got that one if you^d could and if you couldn't, you got the 12:30 one and if you missed that, you were out of luck because there were no more streetcars running until in the morning. I always managed to make that streetcar. There was a girl that I went with and I realize now that she wasn't a very good girl. She asked me to come up to her room, she had a hotel room and stay one night instead of taking the lineup home. And I found out later that she had two boys coming and they had plans. This I didn't know, so I said I'll call Mother and tell her I/ ~~s~~ won't be on the last lineup. And I called Mother and Mother said, "If you're not here on that last lineup, I'll have every ~~pl~~^{ice} policeman in Salt Lake looking for you. and you'd better be here. Well, I had to run fast to get that last lineup, but I was glad that Mother said that and that ~~w~~ she was strict with me because she was very strict with us and it probably saved me from something I would have regretted all my life.

You know the story about Harold, how I really didn't want him before he was born and then I fell in love with him and he was my favorite and every payday I bought him some little trinket, not very expensive, just a little thing from the 45 cent store, you could get pretty good things in those days. And finally, Mother said, "You'll have to buy something for the twins, too or else not buy Harold anything, you're spoiling him and the twins feel bad because they never get anything from you. So then I bought three presents every payday. And for about three years I was the Santa Claus in the house and I bought Christmas presents for all the children because Dad was in a financial bind and he didn't believe in Santa Claus anyway and he wouldn't buy any Christmas presents for anybody. But the one Christmas present that I can really remember, I don't know if Nephi does or not. When we were quite young, we used to walk up to Sugarhouse and go window shopping. I think I was about 8 years old, maybe I was younger ^{when I went up with Nephi} because he might have been 8 or 9 and there was an erector set in the window of

Granite Furniture Co. and he wanted that so bad, he used to stand there and look at it. He's so mechanical and he wanted that. Well, I gathered up the money I had earned working for neighbors and doing what I could, it wasn't very much, but I was gonna buy Christmas presents for all the children in the family, I had a little list made up. And I went up to Sugarhouse and I stood there and I looked at the erector set, I knew how bad Nephi wanted that erector set and Nephi and I were pretty good friends when we were younger. I went in and plunked all my money down on that erector set and I think for the other children I bought them a 10 cent book or something, I didn't have any money left. But the money that I had for Christmas to go around to the children went to Nephi for that erector set.

Then when I got to be about 13 and he was about 15, we used to walk up to Sugarhouse to a theatre up there every two weeks or so and when he got to be about that age, he got, I guess you'd call it sex-conscious and he made me walk 5 or 6 steps behind him so nobody would think I was his girl. My feelings were hurt when he did that, but I wanted to go to the show and so I went trailing along behind Nephi. Of course, afterwards, when it was dark I could walk by him then.

I wish I had a picture of myself. It was during WWII and the fad was to wear a bun over each ear and take the hair above it and pull it back and put it in a little bun and the hair below it, put it around it, they called it a wrap and it was quite a fashion. Well, I fixed my hair like that and I think I was about 13. I stood up against the yellow brick wall there on 17th South and I thought I was so big and that was really a smart picture. When I looked at it later, I had bare feet and I just put my hands behind my back and stood there and smiled and thought I was so smart and here's just a little kid standing with these buns in her hair.

When I went to Calif. and I was only 17, on the way back, I went to San Francisco and a boy I knew met me there, what a wild time we had that day. We lost the car and when we found it, it had a flat tire and the ferry was coming in and I was gonna

miss my train. We had the wildest ride going down through San Francisco you ever saw. We barely missed one woman on one cross-street, I think her groceries did fall down to the ground, but we didn't stop. We'd gone to Woolworths and that's just when the dolls came out that looked like real babies and I bought the twins one of those, they had China heads and of course, they didn't last too long. And I bought a big truck for Harold and things for the other children, too, for when I came home. I know I bought him an airplane and sent it to him from Santa Barbara, he sent a picture back of that.

I started dating quite young. I went out with a boy named Alvin Jensen. He lived in Sugarhouse in a boxcar, well several boxcars hooked together. One was a kitchen, one was a bedroom, one was sort of a diningroom-livingroom and the one on the end was Alvin's room. ~~He~~ The way things are now, I guess he was a pretty nice boy. He was never anything out of the way with me but I understand he did when we broke our engagement, with this one girl. He gave me two engagement rings, Dick Conrad gave me one, Stan gave me one and I don't any. I had four engagement rings and I don't have any at all now.

The events connected with each child is something else that will take time. I was a romantic girl. Every night before I'd go to sleep, I'd dream about the wonderful husband I was going to meet and the family we'd have and how good he would be to me. Sometimes I'd continue the dreams from one night to another, the same dream, I'd take up where I'd left off the night before.

Maybe on TV you have seen these wagons go by, pretty black wagons and they have cheese. Well, that's the way we used to get our cheese. About every other day the cheese wagon would come up and down the street. He had his cheese in rounds then and they had guaze on them and you'd just indicate how much you wanted what size ~~ix~~ wedge and then he would cut you some and ~~right~~ weigh it and then you'd pay for it.

Did I mention about the ice cream man? Every night about 6:30, the ice cream man would come down the street and everybody would time their supper just so they'd

be ready for their dessert and then run out with your bowl and he'd give you a big scoop of different-flavored^{of} ice cream, a nickel a scoop, and you'd run in the house and eat it before it melted.

I think there's one thing I haven't mentioned and that's the terrible influenza epidemic that hit the United States just at the end of World War II, in November and December of 1918. It was the one that devastated the country so ~~thugh~~ thousands and thousands of people died and hundreds died every day in our city. They couldn't bother about funerals and any fancy business. A wagon would go up the street everyday and pick up the dead and they just had pine boxes, nobody had a fancy casket at all. And this wagon would go up and down every day and pick up the people who had died. It was quite a sad thing to see. This is something we never want to have happen again. And anybody who remembers it are the ones who are so anxious to get flu shots. ~~The~~

The twins when they were little, had whooping cough and it was still very cold, and they were very small and we never went to a hospital. The only time we went to a hospital was when Nephi was five years old and he fell off the couch and broke his leg and then he swallowed a penny and it lodged in his appendix and he got appendicitis and it nearly burst and he nearly died and that time he was in the hospital, too.

Once I fell over a branch of a tree that had been put down to preserve some newly laid lawn and the thorn went into my foot, inbetween two bones, and I had to go have some Chloroform and have it pulled out. That was my very first operation and I was about 7 or 8 years old.

We didn't go to doctors in those days, and Mother's babies were all born home. I guess I told you about the time the twins were born when I had that bad earache and what happened. But Mother knew quite a bit about nursing and how to take care of a family. And for a sore-throat, she would ~~put~~ take some bacon and cook it and put it on a slice of gauze and salt and pepper, quite strong, and then I think she'd

wring it out in vinegar and put that around our neck. Then when we had a bad cough, she'd take some sugar and some kerosene which is really coal-oil, I guess, it was dark, and mix it in a teaspoon and we'd eat it and that would clear up our cough.

I remember once when David was little, and he had croup a lot and one day when I was working with another mutual teacher on some costumes, and I didn't get home till about midnight, I had a brand-new Vicks Vapo rub sitting by his bed and I used to put a little bit on a spoon and put it ~~ix~~ in his mouth and let him just sip it slowly and it would take care of the croup. When I came home that night and went in to see how he was doing, he was sound asleep and he was very peaceful and quiet and I looked at the vapo-rub bottle and it was gone, every bit was gone. I went in several times during the night to make sure he was all right and he slept soundly, and the next morning I said, "David, what happened to the vapo-rub?" and he said, "Oh, I got the croup again and I thought I'd better have some vapo-rub so I ate the whole jar." I told a pediatrician about that once and he laughed and said, "It's a wonder it didn't ~~k~~ill him." That kid never had croup again, in all his life, he never had croup that I remember. I know that his tonsils were really bad when he was little and he ~~n~~early died and he would have died if Stan had had his way because he didn't believe in surgery at all. I could get hardly any food down him at all when those attacks would hit and he got so thin and so sickly-looking that he just looked awful. So finally, I was on the verge of leaving Stan and he said we'd go down and talk to Patriarch Brown, and so we did, and Patriarch Brown said, "Well, I can't advise you whether to do it or not do it, it isn't my place, but I will tell you that a grandchild of mine had croup very bad that way, he had tonsillitis, and he had his tonsils out and he's been eating ~~every~~ since, and he feels fine."

So Stan said, okay, we could take him. So we took him to the doctor's office and he had his tonsils out and he came out of the ether asking for something to eat. And he didn't turn down anything to eat after that, he just ate like a horse.

That was what he needed. But one or two more episodes and we probably wouldn't have had David, that was one incident. Of course, when you're raising a family, you have things like that happen but when you have to buck somebody and have someone against you, it makes it bad. I was so glad when he was well again because I'd have to sit there ~~xx~~ with food in front of me and say, "Make a little Mama cave, and then make a papa cave and then make a mama cave with his mouth, and then as soon as he'd open his mouth the least little bit, I'd pop a little food in. It was the only way I could get him to eat anything at all, was this mama, papa, and baby cave business.

When I was talking about the flu epidemic, it was 1918, the end of World War I~~X~~. And when I had those rats in my hair, that was the end of World War I, too.

My Will.

I Agnes Josephine Berg Kimball, being of sound mind, am writing my will as to the disposition of my earthly goods. All of my Tangible property is in my name as well as that of my Son, Richard Nephi Kimball and his wife, Nancy Bryan Kimball. This property includes the house at 247 W 300 N, St George, Utah; my life insurance, Automobile; checking and saving accounts at Zion's First National Bank in St. George.

I have eight children and some of them have already chosen some of the household goods. Cynthia may like the picture ~~of~~ painted by my brother Harold and one by my sister Ruby, Also an old Antique Icebox. Deanna would like the painting I own by Dan Weggeland. Richard may like the platform rocker and the sewing machine for his daughter Jann Lee. David may like the record player. Deanna may want the china, service for 12 and the dolls she gave me, also the large, framed photo of me & my brother Nyski, taken when I was 3 & he was 5 yrs old. Lydia may have the freezer and maybe some beds. & Richard the mother pin he gave me. I have some antique tables that shouldn't be thrown away and Deanna bought the TV. so she can sit as she wishes with that. I would like Richard

sisters as to what they would like - I think each one would like their own pictures.

Deanne & Richard, also David, ~~the~~ have helped me financially and should be re-imburssed.

Children - I leave you all my love and know you will lead good lives as you have in the past.

If possible I would like the grandchild from Jana Lee on down to have at least ^{50.00} from my estate.

I will miss you all but be glad to be free from pain. Thank you for the love and support you have given me. I love you all dearly.

To Miriam & Carl go the whatnot shelf, the large picture of Miriam and the old R.C.A. Victor radios in the basement. Cliff & Richard may like some of the furniture for the cabins they are building.

In lieu of flowers whoever wants to may donate to the I.D.S. missionary fund; also an inexpensive casket with no flange. A spray of deep pink roses & white carnations on the casket - from my children and a standing spray on each side from the grandchildren. Please follow the Living Will. I have

Richard, the executor, will take charge.
Funeral arrangements are on a separate
sheet.

Children - I will always love you and
hope to see you again.

Your mother

Agnes J. Kimball -

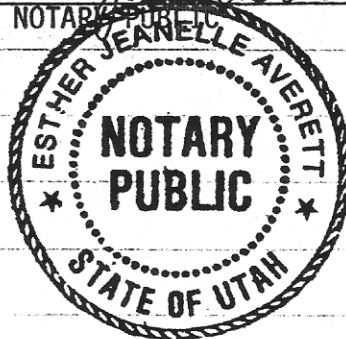
STATE OF UTAH)
 :
COUNTY OF WASHINGTON)

On this 14th day of March, 1980, personally appeared before me Agnes J.
Kimball, the signer of the within instrument, who swore that she executed
the same.

RESIDING AT: ST. GEORGE, UTAH

MY COMMISSION EXPIRES: 9/16/80

Esther Jeanette Averett
NOTARY PUBLIC



Salt Lake City, Utah,
July 13, 1929

A blessing given by Patriarch Homer M. Brown upon the head of Agnes J. Berg, daughter of Gustave Edward and Agnes A. Berg. Born June 20, 1910, at Salt Lake City, Utah.

Dear Sister Agnes, agreeable to your request I, as a servant of the Lord, lay my hands upon the crown of thy head and confer upon thee a Patriarchal blessing which shall become unto you a source of comfort, a guide and encouragement unto thy footsteps in thy journeys through life. The blood of Isreal flows in thy veins, thou art of the Royal House-hold of faith, through the lineage of Ephriam, and as such particularly entitled to receive and enjoy all the blessings promised the faithful where in thou shalt even receive the blessings of Sarah of old and thou shalt become the Mother of a mighty host of posterity, which will be the shining glorious jewels which shall adorn thy crown in the Celestial Kingdom of glory. And thou shalt be crowned a queen in due time unto thine husband and unto the most High. The Lord loveth thee because of the Chastity of thy heart and thy righteous desires to work righteousness and, therefore, He will bless thee with health and strength, with vigor and vitality of mind and body, so that thou shall be enabled to shun and avoid temptations. Therefore, seek diligently through earnest prayer to obtain and retain the constant companionship of the spirit of the Lord and listen most carefully unto the whisperings of the Spirit and thou will be guided thereby, thus thou shall be preserved in purity. And beloved sister, guard thy virtue as being dearer unto thee and unto thy posterity than even thy life itself. Now, when the time shall come that thou shall desire to receive a life companion, go thou in secret humble and earnest prayer unto the Lord, invoking his assistance in making this most momentous choice and then shalt thou be entitled to and shall receive one who shall be worthy of thy fullest confidence, love, and affection and one who shall be worthy to lead thee unto the alter where thou shall be united in the holy bonds of Celestial marriage for time and eternity. And then to go forth in the discharge of thy duties as a wife and a mother and obey the first great commandment which was given unto our first parents namely: to multiply and replenish the earth. And in as much as thou shalt do this thou shall be mightily blessed and magnified, and shall be granted power wisdom and understanding with great Motherly love to enable thee to teach, instruct, and govern thy offspring, and bring them up in the fear of the Lord, then shall they honor, obey, cherish, and love and revere thee therein which light thy glory and thy power and thine influence not only thine own household but among thine associates.

It will be thy privilege to assist in teaching the youth of Zion the glorious principles of the everlasting gospel, and the great need of chastity and virtue and many shall revere thy name and come unto thee for counsel and advice and for encouragement through having watched the method of thy life who having listened unto the words of thy mouth shall have instilled in their souls confidence. Hence it behooves thee to guard carefully thy thoughts, words, and actions. And now remember, dear sister, while thou are young that it is well to choose carefully after due consideration your associates, remembering always that all gentlemen are men but comparatively few men are real gentlemen. Thou shalt take great pleasure in counseling the youth, in assisting thy sisters in the auxillary organizations in their endeavors to assist the rising generation to overcome the temptations of this day and age. Likewise it will be thy privilege to perform sacred ordinances in the temples of the Lord, for many, both living and dead, which will give thee great comfort and in a day to come many of thine ancestors will arise and call thy name blessed for giving them an opportunity through proxy to continue their work, that they may likewise gain not only salvation but an exaltation in our Father's Kingdom. Now remember and be always humble, faithful and prayerful then shalt thou be obedient unto those who are in authority over thee in the priesthood. And it will be thy privilege to witness and

Lord, lay my hands upon the crown of thy head and confer upon thee a Patriarchal blessing which shall become unto you a source of comfort, a guide and encouragement unto thy footsteps in thy journey through life. The blood of Israel flows in thy veins, thou art of the Royal House-hold of faith, through the lineage of Ephraim, and as such particularly entitled to receive and enjoy all the blessings promised the faithful where in thou shalt even receive the blessings of Sarah of old and thou shalt become the mother of a mighty host of posterity, which will be the shining glorious jewels which shall adorn thy crown in the Celestial Kingdom of glory. And thou shalt be crowned a queen in due time unto thy husband and unto the most High. The Lord loveth thee because of the chastity of thy heart and thy righteous desires to work righteousness and, therefore, He will bless thee with health and strength, with vigor and vitality of mind and body, so that thou shalt be enabled to shun and avoid temptations. Therefore, seek diligently through earnest prayer to obtain and retain the constant companionship of the spirit of the Lord and listen most carefully unto the whisperings of the Spirit and thou wilt be guided thereby, thus thou shalt be preserved in purity. And beloved sister, guard thy virtue as being dearer unto thee and unto thy posterity than even thy life itself. Now, when the time shall come that thou shalt desire to receive a life companion, go thou in secret humble and earnest prayer unto the Lord, invoking his assistance in making this most momentous choice and then shalt thou be entitled to and shall receive one who shall be worthy of thy fullest confidence, love, and affection and one who shall be worthy to lead thee unto the altar where thou shalt be united in the holy bonds of celestial marriage for time and eternity. And then to go forth in the discharge of thy duties as a wife and a mother and obey the first great commandment which was given unto our first parents namely: to multiply and replenish the earth. And in as much as thou shalt do this thou shalt be mightily blessed and magnified, and shall be granted power wisdom and understanding with great Motherly love to enable thee to teach, instruct, and govern thy offspring, and bring them up in the fear of the Lord, then shall they honor, obey, cherish, and love and revere thee therein which light thy glory and thy power and thine influence not only thine own household but among thine associates.

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be added upon with all the necessary blessings to entitle thee to receive a fullness of the Celestial Kingdom of God, yea, even to becoming the Mother of the souls of men, thus making thy posterity increase in numbers throughout the endless ages of eternity. Then shall thy joy, happiness, expectations, hopes, desires and glory become full and complete and thou shalt glorify thy god.

These blessings I seal upon thy head on condition of thy faithfulness and obedience unto the commandments of the Lord, which I do, in authority and by the power of the Holy Melchizedic Priesthood, and by the sealing power of Elija, and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, Amen.

Approved H. M. Brown



1421 Mountain Ave.

Salt Lake
Santa Barbara.

Dear Dad and Mother;

Received your letter to-day & I was
sure glad to get it. I thought you
had all forgotten me for sure. I had
a lovely trip. I was sure, thrilled the 1st
time I saw the ocean. I've been
in it. Mrs Nordli & I went in a week ago
today. A week ago last Sunday some
English friends of Nordli's took us into
Ojai (Chi) Valley - that is the heart of the
Orange Country. We passed thru miles
& miles of oil wells & saw the only place
in the world where they get oil out of
the ocean. Ojai valley is about 40 mi from
here.

Sunday school is sure funny
here. The only officials are two
missionarys from Los Angeles. I went
to meeting last night. They hold

Sunday School in a Basement Room at the
 Masonic Temple. They hold Cottage
 Meeting (Evening Meeting) at the different
 homes of the Saints. It will be here
 next Sunday. Ruth & I went on a
 1 mile hike yesterday Over the Mountains
 to the Ocean. We ate our lunch on the
 Beach & brought home a live crab,
 some sea weed, lobsters & even a
 petrified Horses jaw. We could have
 gone straight to the Beach but right
 in the Back of Nordli's - (Almost in their
 back yard) is a small mountain. We
 followed Anapamu Street over this
 and many more. We finally landed
 up at the light house & beach. This is
 the way we went -

East.

Town

North.

State Street

South.

Beach.

Nordli's

~~we went this way~~
~~mountains & that~~

Can you make
 this out? I can't.

CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS
GEORGE ALBERT SMITH, PRESIDENT
SALT LAKE CITY 1, UTAH

August 10, 1949

Mrs. Agnes J. Kimball
R. D. #1, Box 365
Midvale, Utah

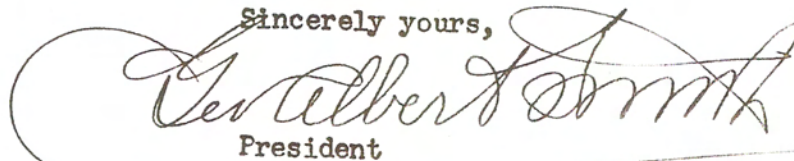
Dear Sister Kimball:

Acting upon your petition in letter of April 2, 1948, I have today cancelled the temple sealing between you and your former husband, Stanley Wallace Pratt, which sealing ordinance, according to the information furnished by you, was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple, November 27, 1929, a civil divorce having been subsequently granted by the court.

I have decided upon this action notwithstanding Brother Pratt has expressed his opposition to a cancellation of the sealing.

Regretting the necessity for this action, I am

Sincerely yours,

A large, flowing handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "George Albert Smith". The signature is written over a horizontal line that extends across the width of the signature.

President

Dear President Pugmire,

In reply to your request for details concerning my marriages and divorces I write you this letter. My first marriage to Stanley W. Pratt was fraught with insecurity and poverty. We never owned a home and until the years when I worked full time outside the home, we never lived in a house or apartment that we were not asked to move out of because of inability to pay the rent. Five of my eight children were born at the L. D. S. hospital through the Relief Society Welfare. Shortly before my fifth child, Miriam, was born, Mr. Pratt informed me that for several years he had been investigating a group of people who were living the United Order. He said that he had attended a number of their meetings and dances and was ready to join. He said he felt that that was the only way he could gain security for his family, as his efforts were not properly appreciated in the hard cold world of business. I was very upset as he made it plain to me that he would leave the children and me and join without us if I refused to join. I was teaching Primary at the time, and searching through the Doctrine and Covenants for a thought for prayer meeting, I found a number of references in which all the saints would have all things in common and be as one. I had made this a matter of prayer and thought that the passages might be an answer, so I consented to go to a meeting.

I could see nothing seriously wrong with their views as I understood them then. And, as it was put to me to be an economic order only, and not at odds with the Church, I consented to join.

After we had been accepted by them, I was informed that it was not necessary to have my children baptized now as we were in the Kingdom of God and baptism was not necessary.

I couldn't agree with that doctrine and had my third son Richard baptized shortly after he turned eight. I kept up my Church activities and sent my children to Sunday School and Primary. As a result, I was regarded as a rebellious woman who was not in harmony with her husband.

I was asked to run a grocery store belonging to the Davis County Co-op (which was the name of the organization.) This I did, leaving my five-month-old baby, Miriam, alone much of the time, because I hoped in this way to make a more secure life for my children by building up our units in the Co-op. When I became pregnant about 8 months later, I quit until the new baby, Deanna, was several months old. We were then asked to take over the store. I had learned the meat cutting business and had to run the store alone most of the time. This necessitated long hours away from the family, as the store was open from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. and I had to put up stock and renovate the store after hours.

I asked for help in the house with the children and a sister of one of the group was sent for. She had recently been released from a mental hospital in Idaho. She was rational most of the time, but I found, after I had had her for several weeks, that in her irrational periods she was doing things to the children that were very detrimental, so I had to let her go. Then I was sent a girl who had been in the Training School in American Fork. She was shiftless and lazy, and I didn't keep her long. After that I got along without any help, leaving my children alone. Stan was working in the coal mine owned by the Co-op.

About that time a man was invited to speak at our meetings who claimed to be

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Christ. This was by innuendo and not by direct claim. He called himself Krishna Venta or Pencovic. He taught reincarnation and his doctrines were readily accepted by the group. I found myself unable to accept the things that were being taught and wanted to leave this group. But Mr. Pratt was whole heartedly in agreement with everything that was said and done. He felt that any advice he received from the leaders of the Co-op was true. I decided to visit my father in Omaha for a week or two and see if I could come to a definite decision. Stan and I had been married in the Temple, and had six children, and I knew divorce was a serious thing. I took with me my two youngest children. My Dad thought I should try to make a go of my marriage in spite of everything, and I came back resolved to move into a shack in the mining community the Co-op owned. I had only been back one day when my 13-year-old daughter suffered a burst appendix. The Co-op leader's name was Eldon Kingston. Due to his wrong diagnosis it was 5 days before she was hospitalized and she lay between life and death for three days. The night the doctors had given up trying to save her life, my sister, brother, and I called President McKay to administer to her. Although he was ill himself and had retired, he came and administered to her. There was a wonderful spirit there in that hospital room, and I am sure that it was through his faith and prayers that she began to recover.

I was told by the head of the Co-op that her illness was a punishment to me, and that if I didn't go back to her father, she would die. In spite of this, I decided definitely, while she was in the hospital, that I would have to divorce Mr. Pratt. As soon as my daughter, Jerolyn, was well enough to watch the children, I secured a job in the hospital as a nurse's attendant, and worked there until my marriage with Mr. Kimball. I also went ahead with the divorce. I received this on the grounds of non-support and mental cruelty, and was awarded \$120.00 per month support money for the children. I subsequently applied for a cancellation of my Temple marriage to Mr. Pratt, and on August 10, 1949, received the following letter from President George Albert Smith.

Mr~~s~~. Agnes J. Kimball
R.D. #1, Box 365
Midvale, Utah

Dear Sister Kimball:

Acting upon your petition in letter of April 2, 1948,
I have today cancelled the temple sealing between you and your former husband, Stanley Wallace Pratt, which sealing ordinance, according to the information furnished by you, was solemnized in the Salt Lake Temple, November 28, 1929, a civil divorce having been subsequently granted by the court.

I have decided upon this action notwithstanding Brother Pratt has expressed his opposition to a cancellation of the sealing.

Regretting the necessity for this action, I am

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Geo. Albert Smith
President

Dick Kimball had been a very good friend of the family before he went overseas, and returned to find the family broken up. He thought a lot of us all, and at first tried to persuade me to go back to Mr. Pratt. When he saw this was impossible, he asked me to marry him. He is younger than I by 9 years. We both felt we thought enough of each other to make our marriage a success. To me he seemed almost 'a **knight in shining armor** who would take me out of a most undesirable situation, and I truly felt that it was what the Lord wanted me to do. He agreed to adopt my six children and release Mr. Pratt from his financial obligations toward them. Mr. Pratt consented to this upon instruction from the Co-op leader, who wanted the money kept in the group.

I found that Mr. Kimball was very moody and difficult at times, but I decided to stay with him for the sake of the children. He bought a farm in West Jordan, and we were married and moved out there.

It's hard to explain a person who is very nice sometimes, and then, without apparent reason, becomes very abusive and quarrelsome. It soon became apparent that he hated my second son, Arnold, and he was so abusive toward him that Arnold ran away and went to live with his father.

We had a little girl, Lydia, not quite a year after we were married, and when she was three months old I became pregnant again. Before the second girl, Cynthia, was born, my oldest son David, who couldn't get along with Dick either, left home and joined the Air Force at the age of 17. He also returned to his father, Stan.

When Cynthia was 9-months-old, I again became pregnant. Dick's temper was now vented on me almost every day, and after Christmas of that year, I had a serious miscarriage. (The fetus had been dead two months before I lost it.) I am sure this was caused through a beating I had taken from Dick right after I had conceived. While I was still in bed, he had a bad spell and shouted that he was sick of me and wanted his freedom. Day after day he said the same thing. I tried to reason with him but just couldn't reach him so I decided that as soon as I was strong enough I would have to go to court. The children suffered intensely during our frequent and violent quarrels. I went to court in February, 1950 and divorced him.

In about a month he seemed to have a change of heart and begged me to forgive him and go back to him. He said he had a chance to trade the farm as down-payment on an apartment house in Salt Lake. He said that he could do this and ease the financial burden which was causing his bad moods. He changed employment frequently, never staying at one place very long. He tried selling vacuum cleaners, selling insurance, working in a mine and painting, but was never satisfied anywhere. As a result we began to go into debt.

I wanted so much to make our marriage what I had hoped it would be, that I agreed to do as he asked. So we had the divorce set aside and moved into Salt Lake. The place was 291 East South Temple and was an old mansion converted into housekeeping rooms and apartments. The work was very demanding, and required all my time and strength as I had full charge of the place. We completely renovated the 24 rooms there.

He did have a change of heart at first and even wrote to the Church Presidency offering them his equity as tithing. This offer was very kindly refused. We got along fairly well for awhile and then began to have trouble again. He would say that I had taken advantage of him and his kindness, and by so doing had deprived him of a normal life with a young girl who had not been married before. He said that he wanted his

freedom and even threatened me with physical violence if I refused to divorce him. He seemed to be completely possessed and even started to smoke and drink. He was so abusive that I was actually afraid he might do something very serious in one of his rages, so after months of praying and crying I again went to court and divorced him. This was in January, 1951. I obtained the divorce on grounds of physical and mental cruelty. Infidelity was not the cause of either divorce.

Dick sold the apartment house and paid for the home in Bear Lake where the children and I are now living. I was awarded this house in the divorce.

I have been active in the Church here and at the present time I am on the Stake Board as well as teaching in every auxiliary. I have come to realize how dear the Gospel is to me and I am very thankful for my membership in the Church. I feel that, as well as having been born into the Church, I have become converted to it as was my mother while she was yet a girl in Norway. She came to America when she was 20 years old, denounced by her family but loving the Gospel more than anything on earth.

I am thankful for her teaching and for the wonderful leadership we have in the Church. I feel that the authorities of our Church are the most wonderful men on earth. I am thankful for our fine Bishop, Bryan L. Booth, and for our fine Stake Presidency. And I have come to love the good people with whom I work on the M.I.A. Board.

I am trying my very best to rear my children in a way that will be best for them and help them grow in the gospel. Currently the five youngest children are at home: Richard, who is 17-years-of-age, and girls, twelve, ten, five, and four years old. Richard is Student Body Pres. at Fielding High School and Scoutmaster in the ward. He has a deep desire to go on a mission, and is trying to prepare himself for it.

We have regular family prayer and each his secret prayers. We enjoy our family hours. We keep the Word of Wisdom, observe Fast day, and pay a full tithing. We are morally clean. I have assembled all the material with which to make my Temple clothes and desire very much to obtain a Temple Recommend.

I have a real testimony of the divinity of this work and wholeheartedly support the leaders of the Church. I try my best to instill these things in the hearts of the young people in my classes and in my children.

I pray that your decision will be to permit me to receive a recommend to go into the Temple, doing there the Lord's work, and I ask it humbly.

Your's Sincerely,

Anges Josephine Berg Kimball

Agnes Josephine Berg Kimball

Private -
for Mother only - 1421 Min Ave.
Santa Barbara
Calif.
Oct. 5, 1927.

Dear Mother & Mine.

In this letter to you I am going to make a plea for my happiness & please do not laugh at me! When I came here Alvin and I had it planned that he was to join me and we would get married here but something has seemed to urge me not to. It seems to me as if somebody has been telling me all day to write to you and tell you everything. You are my mother and I am sure that you will understand. Mother, we can't always stay young and it seems as tho I have grown years older in the last year. I have outgrown all my childishness & have become a woman. I have been thru everything. I have met & worked with all kinds of people, met all kinds

of fellows and I have picked the one I
want for my husband, the only one I
can ever be happy with. And he is Alvin.

Please understand, Mother, I am
pouring out my heart to you in this
letter. I have never told anyone what
I am telling you. I am almost crying -
I am so sincere. Ever since Alvin
asked me to marry him I have prayed
to my "father in heaven" and asked him
to guide me. And it seems that I
love him more all the time. When
he was ~~sick~~ sick last winter the

Lord answered all of our Prayers and
I am sure that, both Alvin and I
have testimonies of the gospel that we
will never forget. When I came to
California I prayed that if Alvin wasn't
the one for me I would find out and
only love him all the more. My whole
being cries out for him. I'm not
happy here Mother dear. I am so

lonesome. I miss everybody at home
so much. I can realize now how
much my mother means to me and
when I get married I want you
and Dad to be there. Above all I
want to get married in the Temple and
so does Alvin. If I come home and
Alvin & I pay tithing for a month or so
and get a recommend to get married
will you give your consent Mother?
My happiness depends on your answer.

If you love me I want me to be happy
please say yes! Alvin only makes
between \$120⁰⁰ & \$150⁰⁰ a month but I
am sure we will get along. I can
work for 4 or 5 months. It may
be a struggle but we are young and
what we have to work hard for
will mean so much more to us.

People mature quicker nowadays
and I may be young but I am
not too young. When I see all
these young, happy mothers with
their darling babies my heart

just ackes. I do so want to get
married. And in the Temple. I
want children, mother. a baby is something
to live for & work for. Ever since I
first saw Alvin I have loved him and
this last year Alvin & I have wanted to
get married so bad. He, himself
doesn't know what I am writing to
you so please don't let anyone else
read this.

Before you answer this letter
pray as I have done & I am sure
you will give ^{your consent} to mother if you only
knew how much it means to me.
Please answer this letter all by yourself
I can read it. And please answer
soon.

Tell everybody hello. Give
Harold my love. Tell the kids I got
their letters today. Love to all.
Your daughter.

~~Just~~
~~1121 Mountain Ave.~~
~~St. Louis, Mo.~~
Can I come home &
get married?
Denes.